The Bystander, January 9, 1918.—No. 736. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER

TOMMY'S NEW YEAR BELL(E)S

"Ring out the old—ring in the new!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

War Aims, More—or Less

THE Labour Conference succeeded in extracting from the Prime Minister, on Saturday, a very important speech, since it justly claimed to represent the view, not only of the Government, but of the nation and the Empire as a whole. That it was a speech directed to the ears of Labour does not detract in the least from its excellence; the only criticism which can be passed upon it is that it is a pity it was not made earlier.

Carpentering and Joining

MR. LLOYD GEORGE dovetailed the Labour Party's programme into the official War-Aims declaration with an ingenuity as remarkable as its sincerity. "Some International Organisation"—well, what is this but our old friend the "League of Nations"? And the right of communities to settle their own destinies—especially with reference to what were once German colonies—was definitely conceded as one of our aims.

As Compared with Other "War Aims"

THE Prime Minister did not quite live up to President Wilson's "No Peace with the Hohenzollerns," but he may have means of knowing that Germany is not so ripe for revolutions as Russia; and, as a balance, he addressed ideas on the subject of peace to Austria and Turkey which may be relied upon to soak in. The strangest fact in connection with the speech, however, is that it has been universally praised. But I should like all those who are full of admiration for the Prime Minister's speech to read Lord Lansdowne's letter once again!

£200

THERE is a little matter of two hundred pounds between us and the Government. We hate to talk about money in these times because we understand that the Government is not very prosperous just now. Still, two hundred pounds is a handy sum to have in the pocket in these times. Some months ago a stern and relentless Censor decided that THE BYSTANDER must pay two hundred pounds for having printed a drawing showing a British Tommy hugging a full-sized rum jar, and smiling the beatific smile of sweet satiety.

"A CLEAN PEACE"

THE KAISER: "Der English want a 'clean peace'—zo! Take der lady, my dear von Kuhlmann, and wash her mit your best 'soft soap'!"

Other Times, Other Views

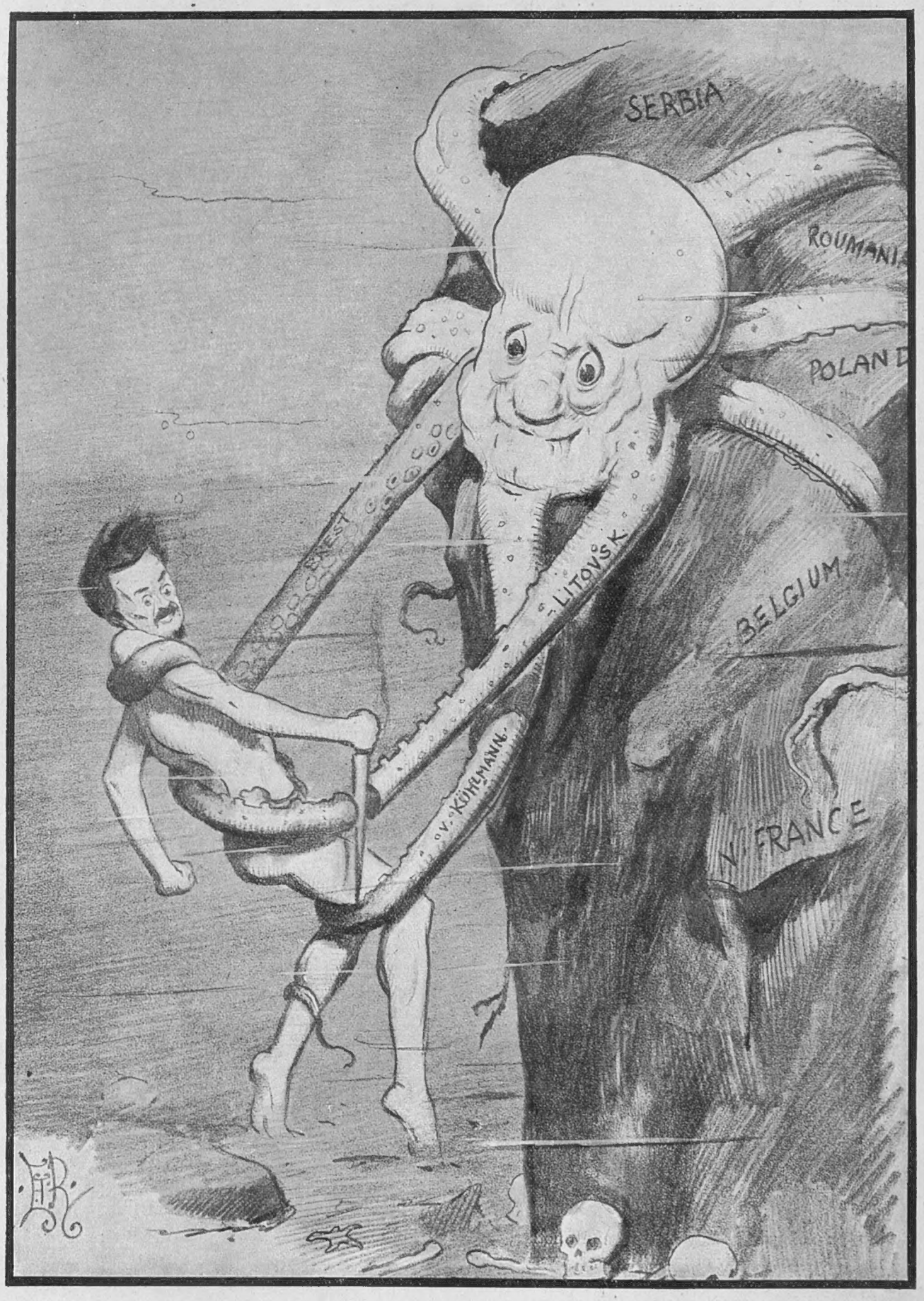
IT now appears that a story with just such an incident in it has recently appeared in *London Opinion* after having been passed for publication by the Censor. If this is right, then the Censor made a mistake in our case, but we will charitably overlook the slip for—two hundred pounds. We will make no claim for moral damages. We will cheerfully give an undertaking in writing not to spend the money in encouraging the enemy into the belief that the British Censor possesses a sense of humour. In case we have not mentioned the precise figure, it is two hundred pounds (£200). [Please pay at the desk.]

Unionist War-Chest Empty

THE Unionist Party has been on the rocks financially for nearly two years. Mr. Bonar Law's amazing attitude on the conscription of wealth has completed its disaster. The thunderbolt came at a tragically inopportune time—only a week or so before annual bankers' order subscriptions were to have been met. How many of the party's supporters have cancelled their subsidies I cannot say,

(Continued on page 68)

The Russian and the Devil-Fish



—Will he cut himself free from the grip of those deadly Peace-"Feelers"?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

but a man who should know tells me that the party was beggared before, and now it is broke! As Mr. Bonar Law is a total abstainer the usual excuse for a political indiscretion is unavailable. Possibly he over-smoked himself—so beware of tobacco rations!

The Silence of the Press

MR. BONAR LAW'S observations produced an avalanche of letters to our editors from some of the most eminent economists. But they were not printed. It was realised that a storm would shake public confidence.

Beware of the Mummy!

IF the Air Board is to take over the British Museum, who will remove the Mummy of Destiny? All sorts of dreadful things are said to have befallen those who interfered with her, and even those who have spoken slightingly of her powers. And in spite of the fanciful yarn that she was on the *Lusitania* when it sank, I have reason to know that she is in the Museum at this moment. My Lord Rothermere may be as courageous as he is able, but I doubt whether he will risk an interview with this lady. Perhaps he may settle the matter by correspondence. "I shall be glad if you will inform me what qualifications you imagine you have for the position you hold?" Such a letter has, indeed, already made an upheaval in a Government office. And I don't think the mummy would like it.

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

BRITISH BOLSHEVIK to BRITISH WORKMAN: "See, my friend, the careless old gentleman has dropped his pocket-book!"

Ladies and the Larder

THE fining of a lady of title and another, an authoress, a lady of many titles, is exemplary, but unless there be swiftly similar prosecutions in all walks of life our poorer folk will, quite wrongly, imagine that they are going short because rich people are hoarding. Surely nothing could more gravely undermine national union than such a belief as that? Official zeal is so rare that it is sad that it is not accompanied by common sense. I am told that all that the poor professional classes can hoard are unpaid bills. Should anyone be short I will share my all.

Wanted—A Gas Controller

ONLY a few months ago we were all being implored to use as much gas as possible, since the by-products obtained in making it were needed for munitions. Many people, with a laudable desire to help, and faced by the difficulty of getting coal, installed gas-cookers and heaters accordingly. Now they find that the supply of gas is often so bad that rooms cannot be warmed or food cooked by it; and they are not a bit cheered up by going out into the cold street (from a house almost equally cold) and seeing the gas which they are called upon to pay more highly than ever for being used by motorists who have failed to wangle petrol!

Where There is More Than Enough

THERE is, doubtless, nothing like the waste of food in the Army that was such an absolute scandal in the earlier days of the war. But even at the present time, while civilians are finding it desperately hard to get even the smallest quantities of ordinary necessities, the troops stationed in this country (at any rate) seem to get a good deal more than they need—that is, if one may credit the stories that are told of certain civilian consumers who still manage to get bacon and butter sent them by their relatives in khaki.

A Lovable Personality

WE announce with the deepest regret the death of Mr. Charles Abbott du Pasquier, for very many years Colour Expert to THE GRAPHIC and THE BYSTANDER. The loss of his kindly and cheery presence will be sadly felt by all his colleagues, for he always had a smile for everyone—and everyone had a smile for him. And not only those who worked with him will miss him: he was well known and well loved in London's artistic circles; and many a young artist has good reason to be grateful to him and to revere his memory. Though few, perhaps, of the thousands of readers of the papers published at this office had the pleasure of Mr. du Pasquier's personal acquaintance, they owe much to the unerring taste and skill with which he recognised and encouraged the ability of the many artists whose drawings have delighted them in our pages.

Pleased with the Honours List

Camera Portrait LADY LAVERY *E. O. Hoppé*

Wife of the eminent portrait painter, whose inclusion in the New Year's List of Honours was universally acknowledged to be no more than his due

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Alec Fraser, Cicely Debenham, Daphne Pollard, Phyllis Bedells.
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ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Old Bill." Smoking permitted.

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EVENINGS at 8. MATS., WED. and SAT. at 2.

DALY'S. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
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DUKE OF YORK'S. EVENINGS at 8.30.
MATS.: WEDS., THURS. & SATS. at 2.30.
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3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
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5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 7th day of January, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 16th day of January, 1918.

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This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

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Commencing with the issue of January 2, 1918, the price of THE BYSTANDER will be increased to Ninepence, and the subscription rates will be as follows:

Twelve months, 52 issues, and Christmas and Summer Numbers.

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE."

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.

"Six fond admirers"

LONDON, *January* 7, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

CONSISTENCY, as someone's said, is a dull virtue, "the virtue of the bore, the proser, and the rut-sticker. Show me the man who's thoroughly consistent and you'll show me an also-ran."

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SO we're perhaps to be congratulated on the circumstance that, here in England now, the New Year's opened camouflaged to the eyelids in inconsistencies amazing enough almost to be amusing. Thus, saving and sacrifice, we were told as the old year died, is the one burnt offering now acceptable—and, indeed, indispensable—upon the altar of duty and patriotism. And unless we put all hands to the plough of war in this fourth year of Armageddon — well, you know the rest, don't you?

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AND, above all, of course, there rolled and rumbled, like distant thunder or the sound of far-off guns on raid nights, the threats of Labour—that hydra-headed monster in whose million hands the coun ry's future trembles. Even the frothiest and fluffiest can hardly pretend they do not hear the growls or see the signs, while the rest of u know well that when the new Franchise Bill is passed it may quite well happen that it will fall to Labour—the giant task of governing us and Britain.

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AN outlook, you'd think, wouldn't you, serious enough to give pause to the jocundest optimist, and dangerous enough to drive even a Sinn Feiner to the trenches? But are we down-hearted, are we skimping and saving, are all hands to the war plough, are we deeply concerned? Well, nothing to write home about, you know.

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OR, anyway, not on the surface. Inconsistency follows inconsistency with amusing iteration in this first week of what we pray is the year of victory. For example, first of all we have the Yapps shrieking patriotically "S.O.S." (Save or Starve). And then, by way of counterblast, come the drapers' sales with all their alluring call, pushing on one side the schemes of budgeteers, patriots, and men; and displaying, for the loosening of women's purse-strings, bargains without end in the way of such war-time necessities as fur coats, tea gowns, georgette blouses, *ninon* nighties, velvet day frocks, *charmeuse* evening ones, silk stockings and *crêpe de Chine* undies, and boots and shoes *very* obviously not of the "Government pattern."

"Wonderful widows"

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THEN those naïve charity shows, which cost the Lord knows what to produce, but give such exquisite pleasure, as well as congenial "war-work," to all concerned, broke out again in force—though January's a very cold month for posing and things, and the public in general can no longer be enticed to come and stare at even the most famous of "Society Beauties." Weddings in Mayfair weren't too dreadfully war-like either.

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FIRST nights and private views trod hard upon each other's heels, and the inevitable auction sales never went so merrily or raked in such huge prices, spite of food profiteering and the highest taxation the world's ever seen. No less than £16,000 was, for example, realised by the Duke of Sutherland, R.N.V.R., for a few bits of old French furniture which the giving up of some of the ducal houses had crowded out. And nearly seven thousand pounds sterling isn't a bad price to get in war-time for a pair of small *marqueterie* cupboards and some Aubusson tapestry—which, after all, even dukes can *just* live without.

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AT the theatres 1918 opened in positively topping form—they say the mad rush to rent a theatre is nearly as bad as the fearful flap to acquire butter, and the very last thing in actress-manageresses is *only* paying a paltry £13,000 a year for somewhere to produce "Love in a Cottage"

(Continued on page 72)

in. So you see there's plenty left yet for Mr. Bonar Law to work on. Pantomimes are exactly as in peace time; perhaps a few more, but certainly not less, and so are all the "child" plays that the grown-up Briton loves, though children sometimes prefer a more knock-about and less tremendously refined form of humour.

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And musical comedy—of which we had already almost more than our fair war-time share—has positively taken on a new and still healthier lease of life in these New Year days, which Lord Curzon says are those of the severest crisis and the most supreme trial yet. And as for saving and sacrifice—you can't for the life of you get a seat under twelve and sixpence at any of 'em ever, so the musical comedy audiences, anyway, aren't saving *all* their Bradburys for war loans or offering up *all* their pleasures.

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Without the camouflage of clothes, the musical comedy actress, I fear me, would be but a poor thing. So her excesses in this direction may, perhaps, be forgiven her—especially when she presents such an altogether ravishing picture as, say, Miss Julia James in "Yes, Uncle!" In which, a sight for the gods in jade green velvet, silver-grey fur, and Titian gold hair, she is, by the way, very of the moment in a song about how wonderful widows are.

Father Prout and his Diana

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Widows—I mean, of course, the new, or war, kind—*are* very wonderful in this most wonderful age. To begin, "weeds," you see—those erstwhile trappings of inconsolable woe—are not now dowdy, ageing, heavy, and unbecoming, as once upon a time. But instead tremendously *chic*, youthful, fluffy, vastly becoming and devastatingly attractive.

"The Canadians and the Pioneers"

I've just been reading a really rather nice little story in Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's new book, "Herself—Ireland":

When his friend, Father Rufus, was studying in Rome, Father Prout made him a visit, and seized the occasion to spend a subscription contributed by his parishioners for an altar-piece. He spent days going to artists and dealers in marbles, but found nothing he liked until one afternoon, in a state of great satisfaction, he begged Father Rufus to go with him and see his choice.

"Good heavens!" said Father Rufus, "that is a Diana; you can't have that."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Father Prout. "I don't care *what* it is, it's lovely and I'll have it. Those chaps of mine over in Ireland will never know the difference!"

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Apropos, "Will you, Blanche, try and use your influence to do something for the Irish boys on leave in London?" writes a flying man. "We can't always get home, and we have no Irish club. All Colonials are, indeed, very partial to us and ask us to theirs. But the old independent spirit comes up again—we want some place of our own in London, and I'm sure it only needs speaking about!"

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Well, there it is—spoken about! And a splendid chance and all for some well-favoured of the gods in house-room and shekels to up and institute without delay a club for the loyal Irish. Anyway, it's positively the easiest way, you know, to fame and fashion yet invented—the who-has-handed-over-her-house-in-Grosvenor-Square-to-the-War-Office way, I mean; and, as well, it really does mean that you're making yourself quite useful.

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By the way, my Christmas letters include one from "Six Fond Admirers" on H.M.S.——, who write that "We destroyer officers have for long been silent admirers. As apparently most of your attention is taken up by the 'Bounding Babelets of the Blue' we take this opportunity to wish you, with all our love, singly and collectively, some of the "Very Best."

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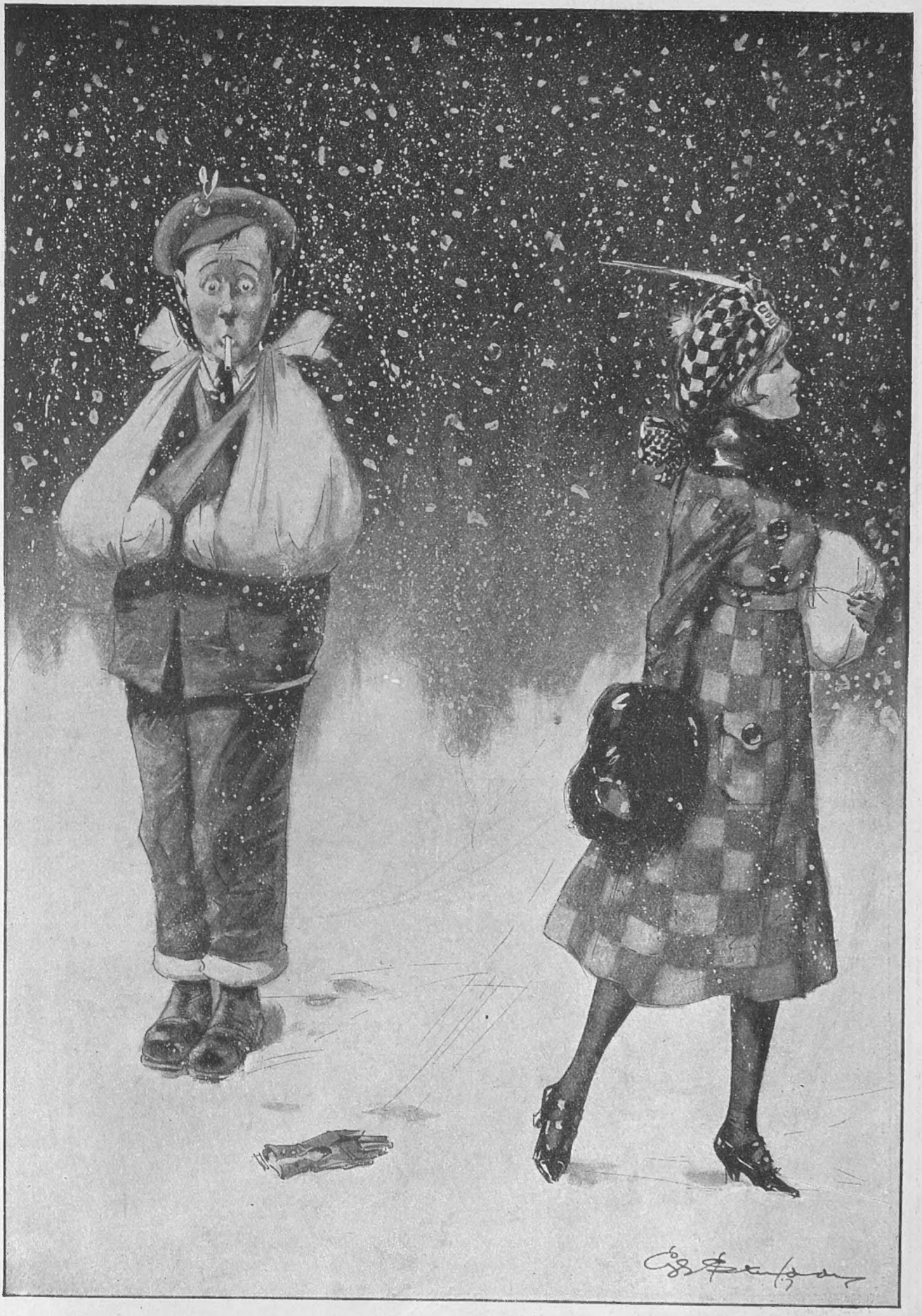
Finally, I hear the Canadians and the Pioneers swear it's the limit—*their* lack of "mentions" from my overwhelmed and humble self; and this, from a machine gunner, is at any rate, straight to the point, isn't it? "Dear Blanche, *why* this thusness? Ever since I have been in France—and I can hardly remember that once, in the long, long, long ago, I was in England—you have never mentioned the 'Emma Gees.' (I have! but still . . .) We are the people, you know, who by covering the enemy line and engaging the Boche

(Continued on page 74)



"NOTHIN' DOIN'!"

M. G.'s make bombing raids successful, while our harassing fire prevents the enemy's ration parties from reaching his line.

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"THE M. G.'s barrage enables our P.B.I. to make its glorious pushes, and when you read that the jolly old Hun counter-attacked on new positions you don't, perhaps, realise that the rattle of the 'Emma Gees,' spitting out lead at the rate of 600 rounds a minute, makes possible that little paragraph

The enemy nowhere penetrated our line.

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PERHAPS we don't, dear "Emma Gees," perhaps we don't. But if in our minds we slur the details, and fail, perhaps, properly to appreciate the marvellous working of every cog in every wheel of this most marvellous war, in our hearts we never fail, at least, in one thing — and that's our joy and pride in the men who do the driving. A man has just written me from a hospital in Mesopotamia that "all the boys out here think they are forgotten by the people at home." Let me assure them that indeed, indeed they are not—only, all those weary miles away, in that land of dirt and desolation, they can't keep touch with our sympathy for their sufferings.

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APROPOS, it would be impossible to thank by name — even if Dora allowed — all the ships and all the regiments in all parts of the world who have sent once more such good wishes and brave and gallant words to one who, to quote again the gun-room, they are pleased to say "has so often cheered us up with her news from home and beauty."

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I *hope* I have—for it just makes all the difference to be told that one has helped even a little. But I wish I could have done better, and if, at times, I have been sad when it was my obvious bounden duty to be gay, will the soldier and the sailor men please forgive me? I am always, as you know, "the world's unwearied lover," and life's the loveliest adventure. But the world in war-time, and even life itself, is bitter sometimes even above the sweet,

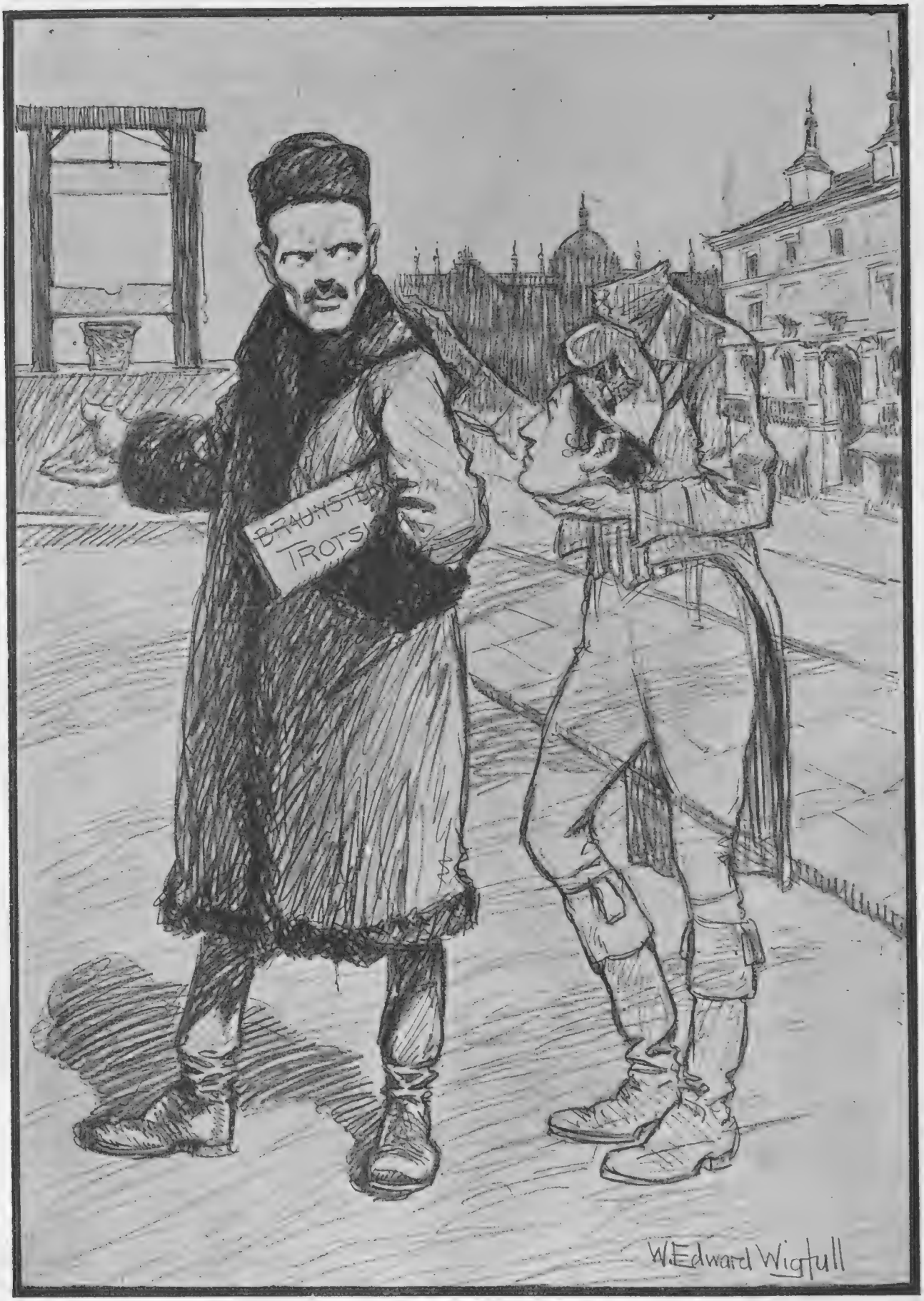
With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

IRELAND'S LORD-LIEUTENANT

This interesting snapshot, taken at a meet of the Limerick Hunt at Tullovin, near Adare Manor, where Lord Wimborne has been staying, shows him riding off to the first cover

A Lesson from History



SHADE OF A FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST: "I shouldn't play with La Guillotine, if I were you. She has a two-edged blade, as I have reason to know!"

[*Trotsky is threatening those who oppose him with the guillotine instead of prison*]

"O'Grady"

STODGSON did not come on to the course until the second day, owing, I think, to some slight difference of opinion between his battery and the Hun; and it was a pleasure to see his homely face once more. He has one of those unsuspicious, trustful natures, full of a quiet, genial warmth, and it occurred to me at once that the meeting between O'Grady and him would be a pleasant one. I told him, in fact, that there was someone of that name whom he would meet the next day, and said how I looked forward to seeing them together. "He's a whimsical fellow" I said, "and full of odd tricks. I wouldn't mind betting you ten francs that he will make you do three things you don't want to do before you've been with him a quarter of an hour."

"Done," said he; and I knew he was thinking of the time when he took the same amount out of me over a question as to the exact colour of Mademoiselle's eyes, when we were out at rest together last summer.

First parade the next day was riding-school, and after we had finished, and handed over our fiery steeds, Stodgson mentioned that he had not yet met O'Grady, so I told him that he would meet him on the next parade, which was physical jerks.

"Now, gentlemen," said the cast-iron, rubber-toed instructor, after he had "'Shun'd" and "Right Turned," and "By Two's Numbered," us—"now, gentlemen, we'll 'ave a little exercise, just to open the lungs and make the muscles heasy, but, as some of you know already, the hideal we strive to attain is to keep the mind busy all the time, and so to re-hact on the muscles that way, and keep us all merry and bright! So he barked at us for a while:

"Class—Ready!" "Arms downwards—Stretch!"

"'Ips Firm!"

"On the toes—raise!"

"Knees—bend!"

"Arms stretched sideways, forwards, and hupwards, taking yer time from the front—commence," and so on until he stood us easy, and gave us an opportunity of mentioning to one another how we should like to meet the man who invented "jerks."

Then—"We'll 'ave a few minutes with O'Grady, now, gentlemen, and for the benefit of those hofficers who came this morning, I'll just repeat what I said yesterday, namely, that this is a little gime we 'ave to keep everybody awake. O'Grady is a-standin' by my side—you can't see him, but 'e's there—and every time O'Grady orders you to do anythin' you do it; if 'e doesn't tell you to do it, yer don't do it, and every time you do anythin' O'Grady 'asn't ordered, you just 'ave a little run to the 'edge and back."

Stodgson looked at me with a slowly awakening suspicion in his eye, but I smiled genially, as one at peace with the world, and untroubled of conscience.

"Class—'shun!" snapped out the instructor; and Stodgson 'shunned; then, in response to the unrestrained encouragement of his brother officers, "'ad a little run to the 'edge and back." I was one up, but I noticed that Stodgson had a look of determination as he returned to his position, and knew that he had made up his mind to see who was the better man, O'Grady or himself.

Minute succeeded minute, and Stodgson resisted all blandishments; it was a triumph of mind over habit, and the sternest commands were disregarded, unless the magic words "O'Grady says" prefaced them. Indeed, so interested did I become in the struggle which the corrugations on the dear fellow's brow told me was in progress that in a moment of weakness I did an unauthorised "Arms upward—stretch," and accompanied a few more victims to the 'edge, escorted by the derision of the wiser members of the class. But the triumph of Stodgson was his undoing, his temporary lapse coinciding with an earnest request to turn his trunk to the left, which he obeyed, and found, too late, had not been confirmed by O'Grady. Only a few moments remained, and Stodgson's unexpected powers of passive resistance threatened to deprive me of victory, but I knew O'Grady's talent, and refused to abandon hope.

Stern admonitions to "Head backwards—bend!" or "Left leg sideways—place!" were treated with contempt; even a trap into which I confidently expected Stodgson would fall, when, at the invitation of O'Grady, we doubled out, to be greeted with a rapped out "As you were," did not succeed, for he carried on, with a slight air of boredom, as of one who had sucked the juice out of life, and was superior to trivialities of that nature. The instructor, even, grew a little weary of well doing; legitimate commands of "Right foot inwards—place!" "Left turn!" "Stand at—ease!" brought us to a relaxation of pose.

"Any hofficer who 'asn't been caught out more than twice, put up 'is 'and" said the expert; and, solitary in his confession, and with an air of restrained triumph, Stodgson put up his hand. I laughed. M. H. H.

Official photograph

We in London are not the only people who experience difficulty in getting supplies: the troops in France, as we see, after a heavy snowfall, have to turn to and help in bringing up the supply wagons themselves

Anglo-Saxon

PASSED BY CENSOR

"You're comin' along with me, my lad, as soon as this is over!"

(*Hermann feels that he* does *know a better 'ole.*)

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EDDIES of WAR

RESPITE.

BY DELL LEIGH

BRAY and Tancred had profited by the all too short Christmas leave, and had bolted. They had considerable difficulty in so doing owing to the congestion at Waterloo, and the fact that they had to take their places humbly at the end of an immense queue at the booking office, in spite of their red tabs and the gold on the peak of Tancred's cap. Bude had been Bray's idea: "Top-hole golf, my boy, probably delicious weather, *and no women within miles.*" It was the last incentive that had settled the matter.

Unconsciously they attracted considerable attention when, after a seven hours' journey, they reached the little Cornish town; Staff officers are not so profuse in those parts as in others. The manageress at the hotel—the motherly type who scurries up and down corridors jangling keys, says "dear, dear, now!" and puts an earthenware hot bottle in your bed—looked with scarcely concealed admiration at them both, and chided vociferously at craning female necks from the kitchen quarters.

She seemed to like Bray best, and gave him the hotter bottle of the two. He had switched off the light and began "*What* the dev . . . ?" before he unearthed the thoughtful act from the sheets.

* *

THERE was no Sunday golf, so, clothed gratefully in old and dirty tweeds, they had climbed the short slope of the famous cliffs and were now lying smoking contentedly on the rich turf; and all was peace. It was one of those days that only Cornwall knows. A day when winter forgets its functions and disappears, and summer peeps wonderingly from dark blue skies. Far below them the green Atlantic lay quiescent, throwing up on to the amber sands little feelers of waves, which Tancred aptly described as *crème de menthe frappé.* Every turn and twist of the scarred rocks exposed a fresh loveliness, and the two men, tired with ceaseless day and night administration, lay silent, taking it all in appreciatively in the undemonstrative English way.

"Fact is," said Bray, pushing a blade of grass with grave deliberation down his pipe stem, and continuing yesterday's train discussion, broken by the change at Okehampton, "we're spoilt, I suppose. 'Course they do what they like with me, and you're worse, you old devil." Tancred grunted in a non-committal way and continued to clean a knife blade by short jabs into the turf.

"But I'm so sick of the kind of women we meet nowadays—look round any restaurant, it's full of 'em. By gad! it's *some* relief to get down to a place like this where there aren't any. There's the woman who henna's her hair, lives in Mount Street, and has a husband safely tucked away on the Italian front. She'll dine with you at the Berkeley—*rather!* Keeps you waiting half an hour and says she couldn't get a taxi. Then there's the type you're introduced to at Harrod's when you go to buy boot polish. She's always just *going* to do some war work if *only* you would help her: 'Now what do *you* advise, Captain Bray?' A third type hastens to assure you that she tried at the Ministry of Pensions, but her handwriting was 'too awful, even for them,' and has now relapsed into a busy idleness with intervals for refreshments, which you pay for. Then there's the kind who crowd, most expensively dressed, into the Rawlton for tea on Sundays. There is always some poor devil in tow—usually me."

Tancred chuckled. "A Daniel come to judgment," he quoted under his breath.

"You see the same little lot, the same night, at dinner at the Birdcage," he continued disgustedly, only there the clothes are even *more* expensive, what there is of 'em, which isn't much! In fact," he said, sitting up suddenly, chin on hand, and gazing out to sea, "we don't seem to be able to get away, cooped up in London as we are, from a type of woman who isn't doing the war one penn'orth of good; and ourselves less. I'm not moralising, old boy; but, 'pon my word, it's a relief to get to a place like this—that's why I suggested it. No dam' women down here, thank goodness. What did you say?"

"Nothing," said Tancred, who had seen something out of the tail of his eye.

There was silence between the cynics for a little; both smoked on contentedly. Then a small wire-haired terrier, who had padded up over the thick turf towards them unheard, sniffed suspiciously round Bray's pocket a moment, unseen by him, and passed Tancred who smiled and made no movement.

His owner approached along the turf, her short skirt blown back against her. Two neat brown-clad legs struggled on against the sweet peat-smelling wind. "Come here, Bung, naughty dog," called a clear voice. The woman looked the two men over with one swift glance and passed sedately on, turning her head to admonish an errant terrier, and incidentally exposing a charming profile under a nut-brown beaver hat.

* *

BRAY turned sharply and watched her progress for some moments. Bung, stung with the splendour of a sudden thought for rabbits, began scrabbling violently on the very edge of the cliff.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Bray, as he saw her face again, "surely . . . . yes, that's Molly Seton! Absolute topper! Just half a minute, old chap"; and he rose hurriedly and walked towards her.

Tancred watched them stroll along together until they became mere marionettes in the distance.

"H'm," he sniffed, "wonder which type he'd say *she* was; and where do *I* come in, anyway?"

Ruins at Roye

Canadian War Records

Roofless and battered, the Cathedral of Roye lies open to the air—one out of many voiceless testimonies to the wanton savagery and destructiveness of the Hun

SO USEFUL!

TOMMY (*reading extract from Auntie's letter*): "I am sending you a pocket flask as I thought it would be most useful, as you could then save some of your rum ration to drink during the cold nights instead of having to drink it all at once" (!)

"THE Turks," according to their Minister in Berlin, "have not yet said the last word about Jerusalem." When they *do*, we are afraid it will be unfit for publication.

A LEADING Hun paper tells us that "Germany and her Allies have no reason to repeat their peace offers." In other words, they have made the belated discovery that the *entente* nations are not quite such fools as they took them for.

WE are quite willing to be patient with Russia; but she is really a bit of a disappointment. Though she should now have had plenty of time to turn round, she seems bent on indulging in any amount of further revolutions.

AS for the people of the Ukraine, you can hardly be surprised at their disgust on finding, when the Tsardom fell, that they had merely exchanged an autocracy for an au-Trotzky-cy.

LORD HUGH CECIL really needn't worry to impress upon us the reality of hell. In days like these it requires far greater imagination to realise the existence of the other place.

"THE population of Spain," we read, "is fifty per cent. pro-German and fifty per cent. pro-Ally." King Alfonso's country has evidently determined to consolidate its position as the Ideal Neutral.

NOW that the Kaiser has appointed a new Governor of his lost colony of New Guinea look out for his proclamation of himself, in due course, as Doge of Venice, Khalif of Baghdad, and Emperor of Jerusalem.

"GASLESS days" have been instituted in Germany. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and we respectfully commend the example to the British House of Commons.

WHEN we read that Jericho has been bombed without any disturbance of its walls, we begin to wonder if some of the ancient methods of warfare were not better. But though General Allenby has not tried walking round the historic city, he has, at any rate, been walking round the Turks to some purpose.

(*Continued on page 82*)

The Queue We Don't Like to See—

—The Queue We Would Like to See

(N.B.—These are not portraits)

SHRAPNEL PARS (concluded)

LATEST from the Church militant:

High Anglicans are up in arms—
They say it makes them sick
The mitred lord of Here-ford
Should be a Here-tic!

"GERMANY," says *Engineering*, "must now produce a U-boat which will dive at least four hundred feet below the surface." The British Navy, it appears, has already discovered several U-boats that have dived much deeper than this.

ONE of our Pantomimes: "Yapp and the Beanstalk, or Harlequin Rhondda and the Little Old Woman who Lived in her Queue."

THERE is a gas shortage, and Parliament does not meet till the 14th inst!

A YAPPY NEW YEAR! As the special in the tin hat said to the lady at the tail end of the margarine queue.

ALWAYS cross your t's. As the grocer said to his lady book-keeper, when he mixed the three-shilling blend with the two-and-fourpenny and charged four shillings for it.

JUDGING from the Australian conscription vote, there are no "little wizards" in New South Wales.

WHEN the King Saxe Coburg, it's up to Lord Rothermere to sack the Gotha.

"THE Allies," says an evening paper, "are too wary birds to be caught in the German peace-move." They recognise that if the Hun's war-methods are foul, his peace-methods are fowler.

WHEN Mr. H. G. Wells demands what he calls a "reasonable peace," he should be careful lest he gives encouragement to the kind of people who want the same thing with a preliminary "t."

A GREAT number of German troops, it is reported, are being moved from the Eastern front. But they can't be anything like as numerous as the German troops who have "gone West" in previous stages of the war.

"WHAT Pacifists Want" was a recent headline in the *Weekly Dispatch*. We all know well enough what they want, and only wish "Dora" would make haste and give it them.

VERY satisfactory to learn that the Ministry of Food is at last going to fix the prices of spirits. But we shan't believe that the whisky profiteers are really going to be "scotched" until we see the maximum prices in black-and-white.

ALTHOUGH enormous catches of sprats are still being reported the London price remains high. "Where are those sprats?" asks an indignant journalist. A good many of them, we imagine, are in course of development into expensive sardines.

ICES are to become things of the past; so restaurant diners must wait for moonlight nights, and then be content with the off-chance of getting a *bombe à l'allemande* added to the *menu*.

A BOLO-BIRD HATCHING A PLOT

Nightmares

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE INFANTRYMAN'S

Two "Ditches"—But N

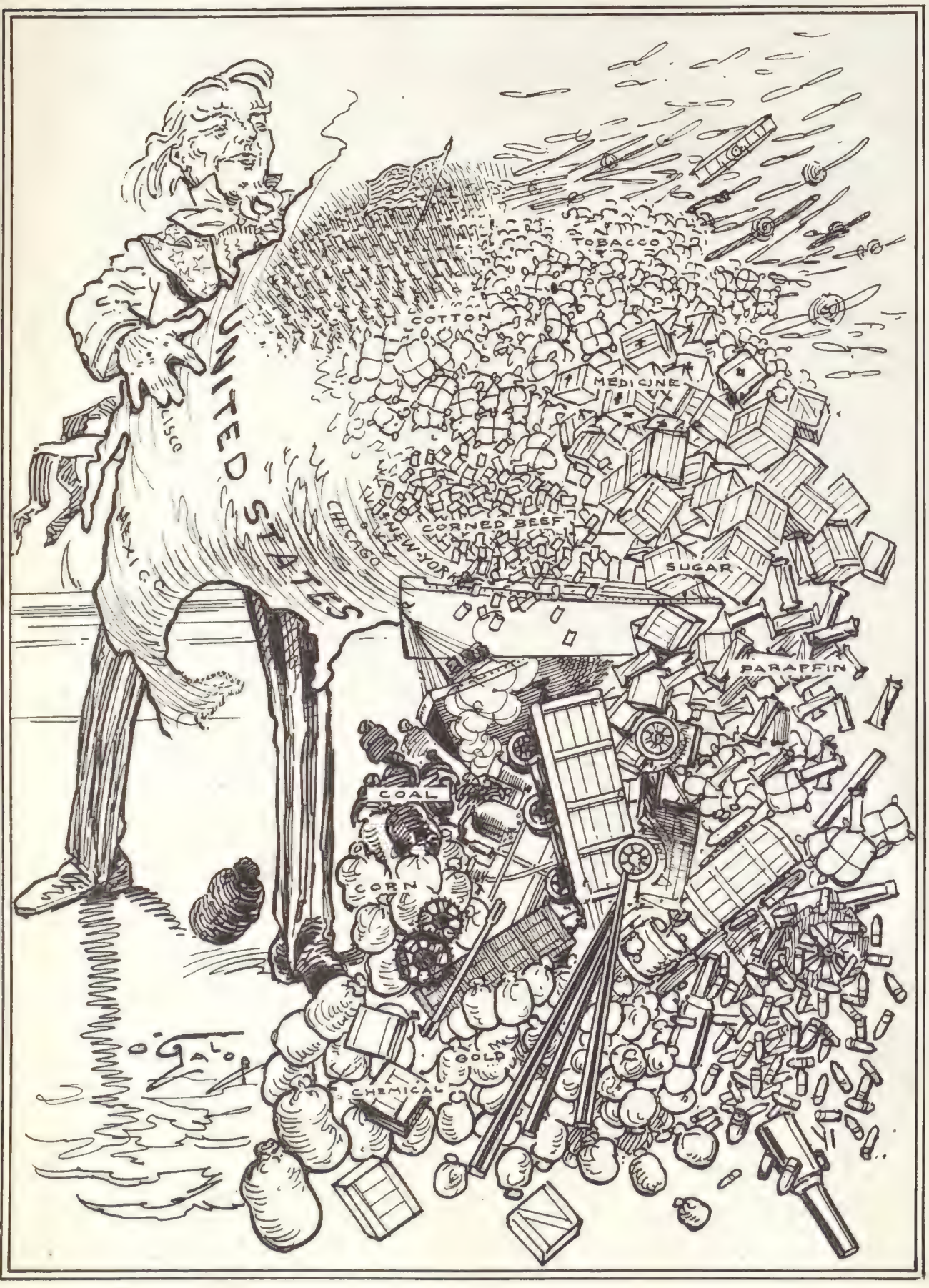
French Official Photograph

The "ditch" constructed by the great French engineer, Vauban, over four hundred years ago, forms part of the defences of Verdun. It at present provides excellent and safe accommodation for the French Army cooks and their kitchens

either of Them the Last

"The ditch" is also the sailor-man's slang term for the water in which his ship floats, wherever it may be. This particular bit of "ditch" is in the North Sea, where the British Fleet may (or may not) be found "barging about" in all weathers

"Uncle Sam Presents . . . . "



—the best "Movies" he has ever sent us

The Bystander in Paris

NEW YEAR'S "CARDS"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"The sandwiches are so delicious"

MES AMIS—

WE are to be so much rationed. It is this M. Clemenceau—our Tiger—who is going to do it. Already for a long time we have had the cards of sugar in Paris, the cards of coal, and the cards of petrol—till there was no more petrol but only a card. It is, too, very difficult to buy milk unless one has babies, and not every one has babies. In all the tea rooms one obtains only *thé Russe*—with lemon in it, or if one is a man with a little cognac. For me I like not either. But now the tea-rooms are each day so full that one has to wait for a table. Then, too, we have had the two days without cakes. It is true they are without cakes, but the sandwiches are so delicious that one does not feel that war is very hard and on the other days one is not at all deprived. I have since a long time wondered where the bakers found the sugar for so many lovely things.

*

BUT now we are to behave better. All the newspapers say what a bad opinion our Allies must have of us when they come to Paris and find we are eating so many good things. How the English, they say, are starving themselves to give us ships, and the Americans who are starving themselves to give us food, must be shocked to see so many cakes. But, *mes amis*, how all the world is human! We are wicked, yes, but when I go *chez Ciro* or to Rumpelmeyer's to tea it is not only the greedy French I see. Some days I wonder if I am not in London or New York, so many "shocked" English and Americans are there.

*

AND they enjoy themselves. There was, for example, the English lieutenant yesterday who ate five cream cakes which cost ten sous each, and the ladies of the American *Croix Rouge* who ate so many I could not count because I would have had to look too long and they would have said: "Why is that French woman staring?"

*

BUT now all that is to change. M. Clemenceau has said we must have a card of bread, and that one may not have more than one course of meat in the restaurants, and all the sugar cakes are to be suppressed. How that will change our life! It is three years that Paris has had no excitement. In London you have the air-raids to give you an emotion, and in New York it is all still new, the war. But here we just wait for the end, and when one waits, if one is a woman, one takes tea.

"See how I have brought home some sugar"

*

WHEN I have seen how all the world went to the tea-rooms I have often thought that it is our only way to pass the time. But now the afternoons will be long like the mornings and the evenings, with no amusement at all. Lucile, my sister, says it is good, but I have been wondering what they will do, those ladies who thieve a little sugar at the restaurants for their kitchens.

*

DO you do that in England, I wonder? It is so amusing to watch. One has always two lumps of sugar for one's tea and

(Continued on page 85)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

there is never any left. Perhaps one only uses one lump but the other is useful to take home. It is very wicked and Lucile will not allow it, but it is so interesting to see those who are not so correct, ladies with beautiful furs and jewels, looking everywhere to see that the *garçon* is not watching and then hiding a lump of sugar in their bags. How guilty they look, but how pleased they are when they go home and say: "See how I have brought some sugar."

*

LUCILE is very patriotic, and she tries very hard to do that is right. It is so long ago that I said one day: "Madame de Melotte and Madame Gibert have told me, Lucile, that they have made a great store of food, because one day there may be none. Do you not think we too should buy a little?" How she was indignant! "It is not good French women," she said, "who will make a store when it is so difficult for the poor to buy: your friends are not true patriots."

*

FOR me I thought it was wiser to buy when there was food so that when there was very little it would be left for those who had none. But when I said that, Lucile was angry. "You are a miser, Agnès," she said, "You would save your money in your stocking, like the peasants, rather than lend it to the *patrie*. It is clever to argue so but it is not in that way that a country becomes great." It was quite a scene.

*

BUT the poor Lucile, how she has been deceived. It was but two days ago that she said to Léonie! "Give us some *mendiants* for dessert to-night, Léonie." *Mendiants* are what we call almonds and raisins because the beggar friars kept them for their little food store. Léonie said "*Oui m'amselle*" and she gave us some *mendiants*. I did not say it to Lucile but I wondered so where she had found them, because in the shops there are not any more. And yesterday I asked her. "How much did the *mendiants* cost, Léonie?" I asked. "What *mendiants*?" she asked; for she clever. "Those you gave to us yesterday; where did you get them?"

"Leonie cried, with her apron over her face."

*

IT was very difficult at first because Léonie does not tell me fibs, but she did not want to tell me at all. She said she had forgotten, and then that they were some old ones. "Léonie," I said, "you have be ensaving them; what more have you been saving?!" I was very severe, and Léonie cried with her apron over her face. *M'amselle* must not tell *M'amselle* Lucile, she said, but oh, she had been so frightened that we would be starved! It was better that we should have a ittle in the cupboard. Every one had a little.

*

POOR Lucile, I think her pride would be so hurt if she knew. The wicked Léonie has been saving for us for months and months. In her cupboards there was jam and sugar and salt and little tins of meat and flour, oh, so much—enough to last us for a siege; because some day the Boche might besiege Paris again.

*

I SAID to her how wrong it was and how unpatriotic, but she was shy. "It was better to have food than starve," she said; but I think I shall not tell Lucile.

Your friend, AGNÈS.

"You would save your money in your stocking, like the peasants."

THOSE LYING LABELS!

BY MARCEL PONCIN

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Aladdin" at Drury Lane

BY "JINGLE"

THE annual pantomime at Drury Lane is clearly a work of national importance. You have only to go there and listen to the laughter and cheers of the men in khaki to be assured of that. In the old days it used to be the correct thing to say that each Drury Lane pantomime surpassed in excellence every show of the kind that had preceded it. Such a criticism would hardly be expected in war-time; and yet I think Mr. Arthur Collins will find it difficult to beat this year's enterprise in days to come. The dialogues and songs are not, perhaps, so lively as usual, but then only those who have tried it know how hard it is to be humorous in these tremendous times. On the other hand, the mounting is as gorgeous as ever; and at least one scene, that of the magic cave, is a genuine work of art.

*

As everybody knows, Aladdin was a poor but not necessarily honest youth, whose strenuous job in life was that of loafing about the streets. One day the royal heralds came romping along to say that everybody must go indoors because the princess was passing on her way to her bath. From the fuss they made, you would fancy that this simple domestic function was a rather unusual experience for the lady in the case. Instead of going indoors, however, Aladdin stayed behind to get an extra peep at the fascinating goods. This was, of course, very wrong of him, but as we should probably have all done the same, with half a chance, we can hardly discuss the matter without becoming personal. Aladdin was so impressed by the beauty of the Princess that he made up his mind to marry the girl. All he had to do, therefore, was to go out and find a cave full of jewels, and after that it was quite easy for him to convince her stern papa that he was in a position to offer his bride a home "like she had been used to."

*

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE makes an attractive and unusually intelligent Aladdin. Mr. Robert Hale is the wicked magician. In confirmation of his claim to be able to work a miracle or two as occasion requires, he sings a little song with a new kind of chorus. During the song he takes out his pocket-handkerchief and shakes it and a glass of wine falls into his disengaged hand; at another moment a lively rabbit suddenly kicks itself into being on the surface of Mr. Hale's waistcoat. So it isn't as if he was making claims to be a magician for nothing.

*

MR. WILL EVANS is in very fine form. He is the Slave of the Ring, and he is very anxious that we should all understand that he is as good as, if not better than, Mr. Caleb Porter, the Slave of the Lamp. It is true that as the story proceeds the facts are against him; but what are facts in these times? For instance, there is a little question of having to build a palace in ten minutes, which is a distinctly narrow margin of time for such a complicated job. Mr. Porter simply sits around and talks; but Mr. Evans really works. He collects a miscellaneous outfit of spades and pickaxes, which are very handy things to have about the place when building palaces in a hurry, and gives us to understand that his crowning anxiety is to get the foundations right. Yet, even by the expedient of putting the clock back in order to gain time, it is only the bare truth to say that at the end of the ten minutes Mr. Evans hasn't got a single foundation to show us for our money; and it is easy to see that he is a very disappointed man. Then Mr. Porter gets up and shakes himself out. With a wave of his hand he produces a superb, ready-made palace of the willow-pattern type which is gorgeous enough to suit the exalted taste of even a Russian revolutionary.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS DOROTHY BOURNE

Who is delighting everyone at the Gaiety

*

MR. STANLEY LUPINO'S Widow Twankay is one of the gems of the production. When a funny man is attired as a woman there are, as we know, a certain number of property jokes that he is expected to indulge in; and we should be disappointed if we did not get them. Mr. Lupino, governed doubtless by the stern traditions of pantomime, dutifully makes the stock jokes in their right order; and he is then left with a free hand to supply humour of his own which is of the very first class. Mr. Lupino's singing and dancing are among the main props of the pantomime, while the happy diligence with which he sustains his fine flow of high spirits from first to last must be seen to be believed. War work is a term the application of which is both extensive and peculiar, but this year's pantomime at Drury Lane is undoubtedly entitled to claim that coveted distinction. By the way, I overheard a sturdy "full private," who was booking seats for self and family, inquiring if any reduction in price was made to soldiers on leave from the front. What about it, Mr. Collins?

Pantomime Perennial

With Miss Madge Titheradge as the most charming and boyish of Aladdins, and Stanley Lupino, Will Evans, and Robert Hale to continue and improve upon old-time traditions, the Drury Lane pantomime should be as popular as any of its long line of predecessors

BY EDWIN MORROW

A Mental Case

By CHRISTOPHER DRUCE

THE waiter snatched up our plates and disappeared. A long-robed Arab, with grinning white teeth, poured out our coffee. A whiff of Havana tobacco, reaching us through the myriad other scents of the grill-room, recalled Miller to his duties as host.

"Cigars and liqueurs?" he suggested.

The band struck up a new waltz, and I sat idly watching the other diners; my brain, as always, soothed and yet oddly disquieted by the voice of the violins. The golden brilliance which filled the room made the countless lights appear only as spots of yellow against the warm haze.

The music ceased on a shrill, lingering note. A girl at the table next to us clapped her hands: the applause gathered volume from all over the room, then, as suddenly, died down. Miller removed his cigar from his mouth, and his gaze came back to me.

"Look at old Bennett over there!" he said.

I turned in my chair, and surveyed Bennett's table. A minor cabinet minister, a famous playwright, and a successful financier were easily recognisable among his guests. The other four men I did not know—probably they were chance acquaintances of Bennett. That was just like the man, he did not flaunt his somebodies before other somebodies, and he did not keep his nobodies in constant remembrance of the fact that they were nobodies. Bennett himself, massive and magnificent, was unmistakably the host, his gentle presence prominent in the circle. One ceased to marvel at the meteoric rise of this brilliant lawyer when one saw him holding the table in talk.

"Well?" I looked interrogatively at Miller. The sparkle in his eyes and the humorous twist of his mouth told me that there was more to come. He said nothing for a full minute. Then:

"I could break that man whenever I liked," he boasted with his quiet smile.

I stared at him speechless. I thought for a moment that the wine had gone to his head. I suppose that my face reflected the blankness of my thoughts, for he burst out laughing. Then he settled back in his chair and eyed the grey ash of his cigar reflectively.

"You'd like to hear the story, I suppose?" he said. "As I've never practised as a consulting physician, there's no breach of professional etiquette in my telling it to you. I used to see a lot of Bennett once. I was in rooms just off Bloomsbury Square when I first came to London. Bennett had the room above me, and he was always dropping in to see me.

You wouldn't recognise the man he was then. I believe he had started very well, and was quite one of the coming men for a year or two. And then, —tsst! he went right out. No one saw or heard of him"

Miller paused to drain his liqueur glass, and, looking across the room, caught Bennett's eye and nodded. I waited for him to continue.

"Nerves, you know," he explained. "You can't tell how they'll take a man. Bennett had a railway accident, I believe, quite a slight affair. But it broke him up completely. Of course he's highly strung, otherwise he wouldn't be where he is now. But he let it prey on his mind—wouldn't travel by train, and so on—until he could hardly walk up the street alone. And instead of getting over it, he had got worse and worse. His clothes were shabby, and put on anyhow; his face was grey and drawn, his voice was lifeless, and his hands shook. He wasn't doing any sort of work when I first knew him. He sat in a kind of listless torpor all day, and in the evening he would drag himself down the stairs, and creep into my room; and there he would sit, sometimes drearily jerking out sentences, sometimes just staring into the fire without saying a word, rubbing the palms of his hands on the sides of the chair.

I did what I could, of course, to make him pull himself together; but it was no good. He knew well enough that he couldn't go on like that; yet there seemed to be no remedy for a man in that condition. The doctors had been able to do nothing with him. I don't think he ever gave them a fair chance. He told me once that he had been to eleven different men; and he had lost all faith in medicines. But I saw that he hadn't long to live—he wouldn't take the trouble to go on living.

I don't know what first gave me the idea. I turned it over in my head for a whole week before I said anything to him. I knew that he trusted me, and believed in my knowledge of drugs. I had never tried to prescribe for him when the doctors, I knew, had failed; and I think that he always listened to my advice the more readily for that reason.

I told him the whole history of the wonderful formula that was to cure him. I explained how I had discovered it in an old medical book, and how I had rejected it as incomplete, and then by chance had hit on the one drug which was necessary to give it the properties claimed for it. He was apathetic at first, and then sceptical. It seemed impossible to rouse him from his depression; but it was something gained when he began to deny the possibility. I think it was the irregularity of the thing which finally awoke his interest and overcame his hopeless resignation. I talked him over in the end. I was careful to warn him that my action was unorthodox in the extreme, and I exacted a promise of strict secrecy.

His hand shook when I gave him the bottle of light brown fluid, but it shook from eagerness, and there was a new alertness about him. He was quite cheerful when he left me. I had given him minute instructions. Exactly half an hour before he went to bed he was to take a dessertspoonful of the medicine. It was nine o'clock then, and I advised him to do it at once.

I heard him pacing the floor, and I went up to his room. He was strangely excited. He told me tremulously that it was out of the question that he could really be cured after all that had happened; but I could see from his manner that he wanted me to dispute the point. Instead I told him some of

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 94)

A Beauty of Baghdad

Photograph *Foulsham and Bamfield*

MISS LENNIE DEANE

Attractive herself in an attractive dress, as Toi Ling in "Aladdin"

"A MENTAL CASE" (*concluded*)

the tales of marvellous cures of mediæval physicians. I asked him what the medicine tasted of. 'A strangely bitter flavour,' were his words, "unlike anything I have tasted before."

"I made him go to bed, telling him that he would feel overpoweringly sleepy at the end of the half hour; and then I left him.

"He burst into my room the next morning while I was at breakfast to tell me that he had fallen asleep immediately I had gone. I asked him to share my breakfast, and he ate eagerly; he never had anything but coffee and a piece of dry toast sent up to his own room.

"I took him out for a walk, I gave him books to read; his voice recovered some of the old tone which everyone knows to-day. As the day went on he grew more alert, more vigorous, more cheerful. Each evening he took a dose of the medicine, and when he had finished the bottle I gave him another. At last the day came when he went down to his chambers. Some good friends, who believed that he had been abroad in the interval, gave him a little work. As his strength returned, he brought to bear a mind refreshed by his long inactivity.

"The interest of building up his practice anew has completed the cure.

"He moved, at my suggestion, from the rooms with which his evil days were associated; but he came to see me often, and he still looks me up once a month for a chat and a new supply of his tonic."

"You mean to tell me that he has lived on that medicine ever since?" I asked.

"I stopped it once. I got frightened at the thought of what I was doing, and one day when he came round, I refused to give him any more. I almost persuaded him that he could manage without it, and he went away.

"He came back a few days later, and begged me to give it him. He couldn't work, he said, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat. He looked a pitiable sight. But I still stood out. I got rid of him at last; and I heard nothing of him for a week. Then his landlady came round for me, and told me he was dying—too weak to get out of bed, and crying out all the time for me. Of course there was nothing else to be done. I had possibly saved his life before; but I should undoubtedly be his murderer if I refused to help him now. I took a bottle round to him that day. He was up and about again within the week, and I've gone on supplying him with it ever since. I've never dared to refuse it again."

Bennett and his party were coming down the room towards us, on their way to the door. Bennett stopped a moment by our table. "I shall be round to-morrow as usual," I heard him say in a low voice, before he threaded his way between the tables to overtake his guests.

"We ought to be moving off, too," said Miller, pushing back his chair.

"But tell me," I urged, "Why do you still make up the prescription yourself each time? Why don't you give him the formula?"

"That's what Bennett's always asking," he said, with a smile. "But I can't do that. You see it's only cold tea—and two or three grains of salt."

CHRISTOPHER DRUCE.

Tanks in Temporary Idleness

Canadian War Records

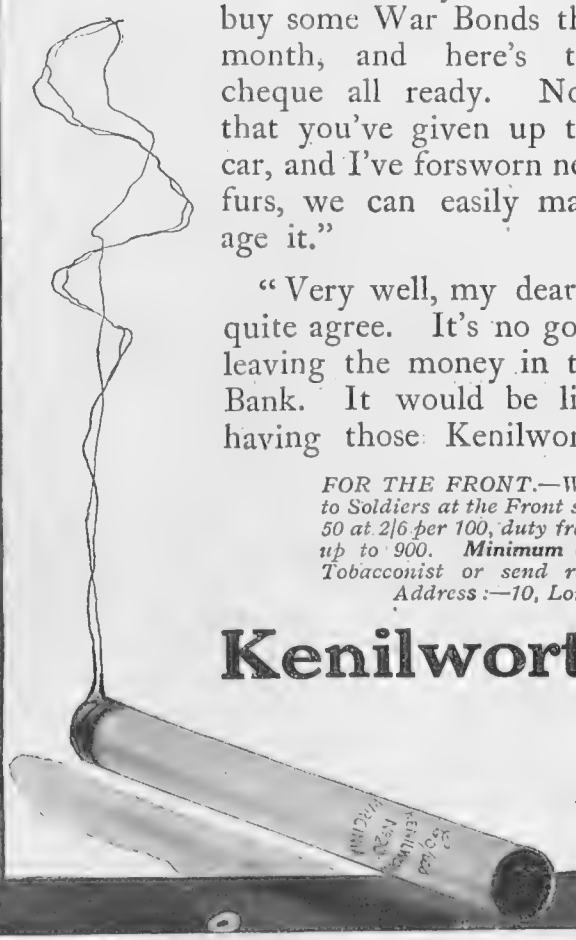
Waiting their turn to be called upon, these Tanks and their crews are enjoying a little rest. Even in their leisure moments they have the look of some prehistoric monster: as to how they appear in action—ask the Hun!

"Not till you've signed this!"

"You said you should buy some War Bonds this month, and here's the cheque all ready. Now that you've given up the car, and I've forsworn new furs, we can easily manage it."

"Very well, my dear, I quite agree. It's no good leaving the money in the Bank. It would be like having those Kenilworth Cigarettes in the box—sheer waste of a golden opportunity! Here's your cheque. Now let's have my Kenilworth."

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost ***1/2*** *for* 20, ***2/10*** *for* 50, ***5/8*** *for* 100.



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Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes.

A Man of Peace

BY "THE OLD GUARD"

In our professional walk of life as a militant journalist, fighting for truth and right and other scarce commodities of the kind, we take a holy joy in flinging ourselves upon the lesser creatures of our craft who presume to cross pens with us. But as a private citizen of the Empire we desire nothing more than to live at peace with our neighbours. Wherefore with the coming of the New Year did we, in common with much other mortal clay, piously resolve to live at peace with those around us. Yet, alas! as events prove, it boots little that a sinful man should have the will for peace if the other man is out for scalps.

❀

Thus, but a few short hours after having made our commendable resolution, we were walking in our garden with our dog, a quaint creature of doubtful pedigree but rare fidelity, when a neighbour thrust a crimson face above the fence and asked us why we did not drown our unspeakable mongrel, since it had had the abandoned wickedness to bite one of the said neighbour's hens so severely that the poor thing was now obliged to lay her eggs standing up. Mindful of our pious resolve, we suggested that perhaps the unhappy bird had been trespassing on our side of the fence; but our neighbour was not willing to admit that that had anything to do with the case. He left us with the clear impression that he was about to spread abroad the distressing rumour that we are a soulless person whose misguided hobby it is to train dogs to bite laying hens in a soft part. Heaven is our witness, therefore, that though we be a man of peace we find ourself unhappily at war with our wrong-headed neighbour.

❀

Against our will, too, we are at war with another man with whom we desire only to live in fraternal concord. He stumbled against our street door one very dark night, after we had retired to the couch that honest industry makes so sweet. On our opening the window to inquire in gentle tones who might be below, a voice, which we recognised as that of another neighbour, informed us angrily that the burst pipe that we had mended the day before had been so badly bungled that it had now burst again, and that we must come and repair it at once, if he had to drag us every inch of the way. We then explained in dulcet tones that the craft with which the gods have endowed us is not that of the plumber, and we suggested deferentially, and speaking under correction, that he had come to the wrong end of the village. Our neighbour then admitted the possibility of having made a mistake, It was obviously, he declared, the fault of the great darkness of the night and the unlit streets, for both of which phenomena, it would appear, he held us personally and solely responsible. Whereupon, peace or no peace, we referred him to a locality that is neither here nor there and returned to our slumber.

❀

Then there is the distinguished elderly lady between whom and ourself there exists, alackaday! war to the knife. We are above all a person with a chivalrous regard for the diviner sex. Those who have had the rare advantage of hearing us propose the toast of "The Ladies" at our annual parish dinner are familiar with the exalted sentiments that adorn our moving eloquence upon this fascinating theme. Our new enemy is a large, roomy lady, with features that are more fierce than fair; and when she stopped us on the open road just outside our village and said she wanted to talk to us we had no choice but to stand limply and listen. We have dared much in our day; but the feat of denying speech to a stern-faced woman who demands it is not one that we will readily attempt.

❀

The lady, therefore, spoke to us. She addressed us as "Doctor," and we smiled faintly at the mistaken compliment, for we have not yet attained that exalted state in the world of letters. She then went on to say that her daughter was about to make her a grandmother, and after describing the symptoms she begged that we would look in on our way home and make arrangements for taking charge of the case. The angels are on our side when we solemnly affirm that we took the earliest opportunity of explaining to this monument of loquacity that we had not the honour of being a disciple of Æsculapius; and at that the expectant grandmother very nearly beat us to the ground with her umbrella. She spoke with a superb scorn of "men of our sort" as though we clearly belonged to a well-defined stratum of heartless villainy, and spoke airily of making inquiries about our past for the due enlightenment of Scotland Yard. Thus, man of peace though we be, war has come to us in three places, and in spite of our better self we must needs buckle our mail to us, and carry on.

SERGEANT YAPP AND THE "AWKWARD SQUAD," 1918

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The Dawn . . . ?

Will the New Year's sun,
Ere its day be done,
Give us peace and life,
Or sink again in strife?

Books *of the* Week

East-Enders

Most of the East-Enders who people Mr. Thomas Burke's short novel, *Twinkletoes* (Grant Richards: 5*s.* net), are dreadfully villainous. In fact, the whole atmosphere is foggy with villainy, suppressed or otherwise. There is Twinkletoes's father, who takes to forgery in order to give his child—the wonderful little music-hall dancer—more comforts. There is Chuck, who would have been a good boxer if he hadn't drunk so much. Chuck loves little Twinkletoes, although he is lawfully married to somebody else—but he leaves her alone. It is only when the child learns of her father's secret profession that she deliberately throws away her innocence, whereupon Chuck murders her betrayer. Twinkletoes drowns herself, and there's an end on't. It all sounds most horribly sordid, and possibly it is. To some people it will suggest exaggeration; to others outrageous sentimentalism. But it is undeniably interesting.

"Coelebs"

Mr. John Musgrave, whose little romance forms the subject of Miss F. E. Mills Young's new novel, *Coelebs* (Lane: 6*s.*), is the stickiest of old bachelors. He breathes out the intensest respectability and the solidity of the British Constitution (whatever that is), and all the most sterling virtues ever invented for us by our elders and betters. But when to his village there comes a modern Lady of the Manor, who brings in her trail a lady-gardener with jolly hair, John begins to change himself, to the surprise of everybody except the Lady of the Manor. This extraordinary event, however, might never have taken place but for Diogenes, a bulldog of much character and discrimination. Diogenes really is a superlative beast. His adventures are extensive and peculiar, and the way he is handed about by people who are not his owners is vastly diverting.

Slums

Mr. W. Riley's new Book, *Number Seven, Brick Row* (Jenkins: 5*s.* net.) should please his numerous readers. Brick Row is a Yorkshire slum, not very different, I dare say, from hundreds of others, except in so far as it is the home of the one and only Mrs. Tickle. Now, Mrs. Tickle is a very remarkable woman. She deserves to get a halo when she dies. In slums, as you know, the most shocking things happen, but Mrs. Tickle never loses her serenity, and when she befriends young Sam Munday, at the request of Constable Smith, she does better than she knows, for Sam gets on well in Mr. Knox's shop and, having seen Mr. Sherlock Holmes at the pictures, is instrumental in getting rid of the villainous Mr. Lycester. It is all rather in the Dickens manner, sentimental if you will, but jolly enough—quite the sort of book for the Christmas season, with some clever bits of portraiture. R. S.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS."
139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

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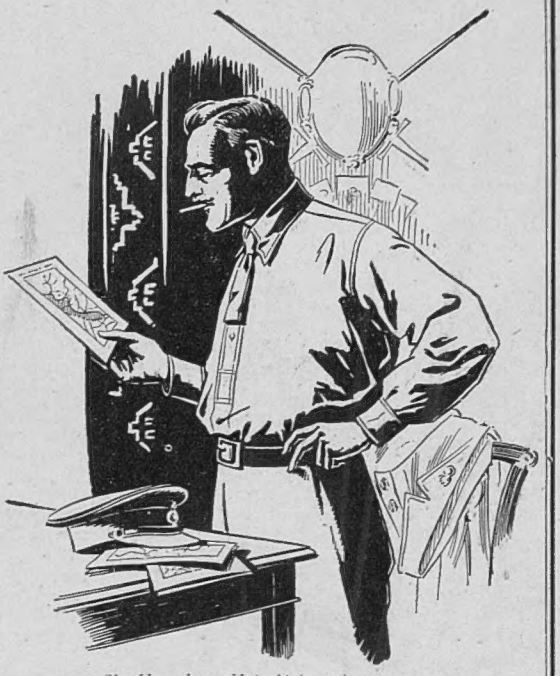

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FOR NAVAL OFFICERS

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With THE BYSTANDER as a companion, this member of a British Hospital attached to the Serbian Army in Macedonia, is enjoying a little well-earned rest from her duties

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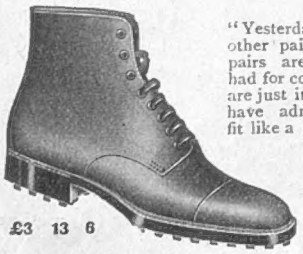
France, 25/1/17

"Yesterday I received my other pair of boots. Both pairs are the best I have had for comfort and fit. They are just it, and all our officers have admired them. They fit like a glove, and are great to walk and ride with. I intend to wear no other boots but Faulkners'."



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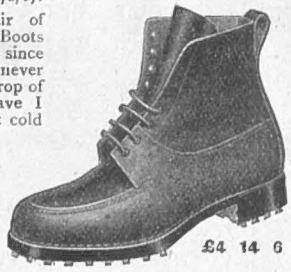

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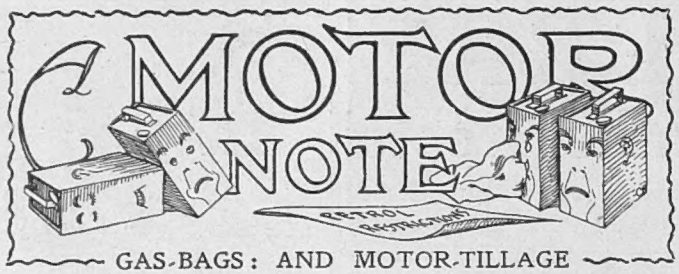


GAS-BAGS: AND MOTOR-TILLAGE

A Ban on Gas

THOSE who found a way of keeping their cars on the road, within that small area which represented the extent of a possible charge of coal-gas (15 to 25 miles), will have read with a little dismay the official announcement that the use of gas for motor vehicles is immediately to be brought under the same regulations and restrictions as the use of motor spirit. That is to say, gas will, in future, only be available for essential needs. No more theatre-going on gas—or anything of that kind. Gas costs are rising to householders. Gas fires, water heated by gas stoves, and so on, are, according to the gas company, to be regarded as luxuries. Washing in warm water may presently be a crime. As somebody said, somewhere, if things continue in this way the war may soon be in danger of becoming quite unpopular! Meanwhile, the recently formed Association of Gas Bag Makers will, most likely, be exceedingly interested in the impending new order.

* * *

An Agricultural Note

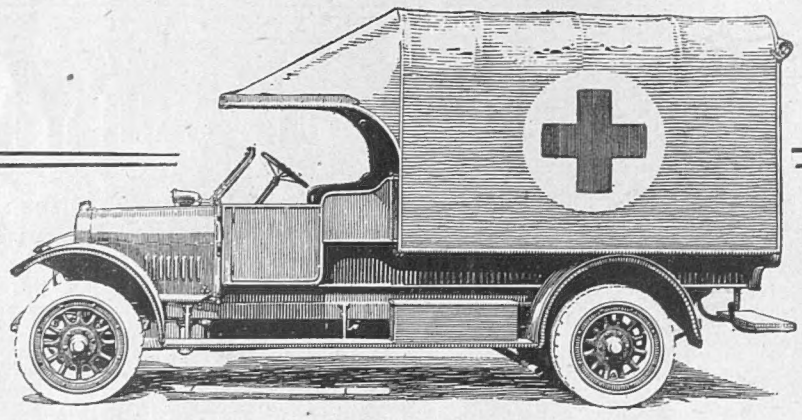
THE Food Production Department which, of course, is responsible for the motor-ploughing schemes at work, of which I have now and again written a little, has taken some umbrage at the suggestion that the milk shortage is not altogether dissociated from "the reckless ploughing up of pastures" by the Agricultural Committees at the instance of the Department. It says that not only is the land chosen most carefully by experienced local agriculturists, but the conversion of pasture into tillage is calculated to secure the milk rather than interfere with it. I am not so confident as the Food Production Department seems to be of the care and expertness of those experienced local agriculturists—not, at any rate, of all of them; while if the Food Production Department desires to say that no good pasturage has been put under the plough, I desire to say that there are some expert and experienced agriculturists who will not agree. As to "the conversion of pasturage into tillage is calculated to secure milk rather than interfere with it," I've only to say the statement requires quite a little amplification. However, my business here is to write of motor matters, and, therefore, I'm only free to note with some gratification that tractors are now getting out on the land in a steady flow, but certainly not in sufficient numbers if we are to have all the scheduled spring ploughing done in time. We shall have to get a strong hustle on at once if we do not want to be left in a hole.

* * *

Odds and Ends

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD has been unanimously elected President of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund. Mr. A. J. Wilson, the founder, continues to be honorary general secretary and treasurer.—Members of the London Commercial Sale Rooms have subscribed for, and presented, two motor vehicles to assist in conveying soldiers across London. Members of the Corn Exchange collected £751 for the purchase of another vehicle for the same excellent purpose.—I observe a mild epidemic of new small motor company registrations all over the country. Generally the same capital (£2000), and quite a lot with the same solicitor. Now just what, I wonder, does this portend?

"C.A.V." BRITISH-MADE REPLACEMENT BATTERIES for American Cars. Instant starting. Faultless lighting. Suited to every make and every climate.—Write for art folder, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.



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SUCH IS THE TEST WHICH

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ambulances have had to face and endure for three years. Suffice it to say that many of the original Sunbeam Ambulances are still in service

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